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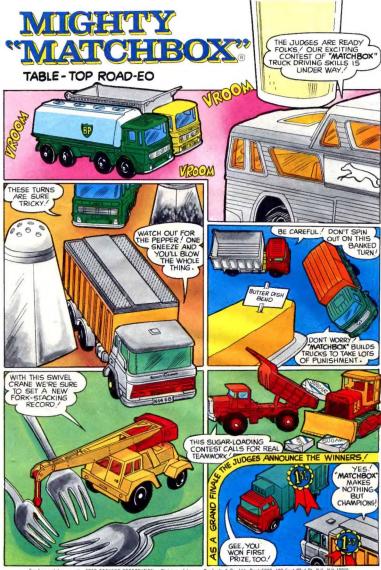
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Huckleberry Hound

HUMPTY BUMPTY











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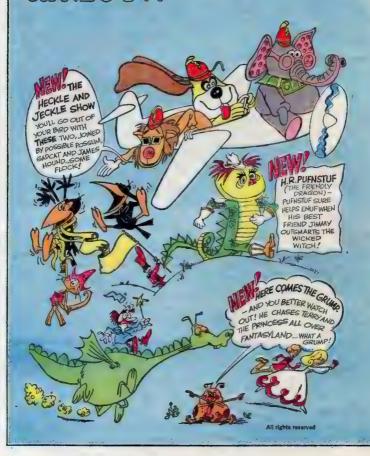








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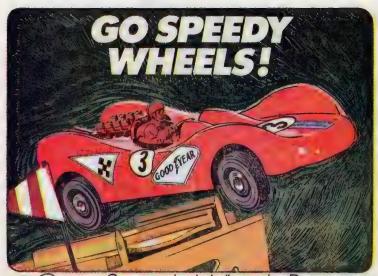
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Hey, Foxy, whatever are you doing inside that funny-looking cage?" Biddy Buddy

quacked good-naturedly.

Foxy Fox looked embarrassed and stammered, "W-Well, I was just . . . uh . . . trying to invent something, and . . . uh . . . I got myself locked inside here."

Foxy thought to himself, "I can't tell Biddy Buddy the truth - that I'm just dying for a duck dinner, and that what I was inventing was really a trap to catch him."

"Biddy," Foxy pleaded, "please unlatch

the cage door so I can get out."

"Be glad to," Biddy agreed. And upon doing so, he waddled off toward the meadow, down where the big trees with the hanging vines grow, down where the June bugs play baseball.

"Why is it," Foxy growled to himself, "that I can never catch that duck? Why can't I have a delicious duck dinner? I can't stand til I can't stand it! I can't!"

Foxy flung himself down in a poutish fit

and beat the ground with his fists.

Finally he sat up. "I can't go on like this, and besides, my fists hurt! I'm a fox and supposed to be smart. There must be some way to catch that duck!

"I've tried cages and traps and snares and tricks and treats and ideas, old and new." he moaned. "I've even thought of schemes in my dreams, but nothing ever works."

Foxy kicked at some ants who were drilling beside their anthill. "Guess I'll follow Biddy Buddy down to the meadow. Maybe I can think of a really clever scheme."

Crawling stealthily through a thicket, Fory glanced down at the meadow. There was

Biddy Buddy, not only watching the June bugs play baseball, but acting as umpire and settling minor disputes that arose from time to time.

"I must have that duck," Foxy drooled. "If only I could swoop down silently from the sky like a bird." He paused. "That's it ... like a bird!"

Quickly he loosened a vine that grew from one of the big trees nearby. "I'll swing down and grab off that duck. Since he's facing the other way, he'll never see me coming. Here goes!"

Down swung Foxy toward the unsuspecting Biddy. As he picked up speed Foxy called out. "Here I come you delicious duck, duck, DUCK!"

Just then Biddy Buddy said, "Did someone say 'duck'?" And so he did duck-just as Foxy passed harmlessly overhead, clawing wildly at the air. The momentum of the swing threw Foxy head-over-heels, and he crashed to earth with a dull, smashing thud.

Wearily Foxy got up. He shook his head till it stopped buzzing. Then as he slowly trudged away, Foxy Fox muttered to himself, "There must be an easier way to get a duck dinner. I guess I'll just go over to Joe's Diner down by the railroad tracks and buy one."

Meanwhile, Biddy was looking around. "Goodness me," he quacked, "I wonder what that strange thing was that zipped past my head just now? Oh, well," he shrugged, "it really doesn't matter.

"Come on, June bugs," Biddy Buddy called out happily, "now let's finish up the rest of

that baseball gamel"



































































































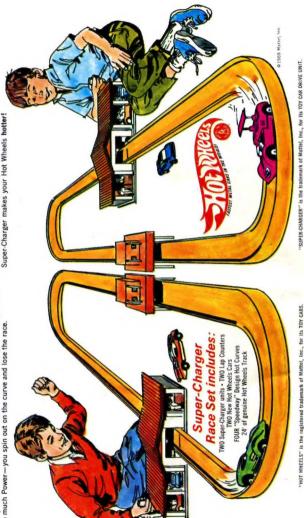




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